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ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers."

MUSIC: "Rangers' Song"

ANNOUNCER: This year marks the sixty-fifth anniversary of the observance of Arbor Day in the United States. The date of Arbor Day now varies in the different parts of the country -- in some southern states it comes in early February, and in the North as late as May. In many states it is a legal holiday. But whenever and wherever celebrated, Arbor day serves to remind us of the beauty of trees and their importance in the American way of living. The forests of pine, fir and hardwoods that cover our mountains and sandy plains should be never failing sources of wood, water, and the other necessities of life and civilization. Consequently, Arbor Day is a symbol of something more than just planting trees, it is a reminder that the conservation of our present woodlands, their protection from fire, and the reforestation of idle land are essential to our social and economic progress.

And, now, back to the Pine Cone National Forest. Let's look in on the little school house at Winding Creek, where Mary Halloway, the teacher is about to start the morning session.

SOUND: (SCHOOL ROOM NOISES)

MARY: (RAPS) Please come to order, children. (NOISES SUBSIDE)
Girls and boys, the time has come for which we have been waiting and planning for several weeks. Today is -----
what?

CLASS: Ar-rr-r-r-bor day.

MARY: And what does that mean Lucille.

LUCILLE: Today is the day that we honor the tree -

MARY: That's right. And today we are going to celebrate Arbor Day. Before we start our exercises, I want to say how happy we are to have Ranger Robbins and Ranger Quick with us. They are very busy men, and I'm sure all of us appreciate their taking the time to join us on this occasion. Now, first on our program we'll have a reading by Freddie.

SOUND: (SCUFFLING AS FREDDIE STUMBLES)

MARY: What's the matter, Freddie?

FREDDIE: James Miller tripped me.

JAMES: Aw, I didn't. He jest fell over my feet.

MARY: Well, James, you must keep your feet under your desk. All right, Freddie.

FRED: (STAMMERS OCCASIONALLY AS HE READS) "Arbor Day" by Frederick Augustus Merriweather. --Arbor Day began in the State of Nebraska in eighteen hundred and seventy-two - two. It was first thought of by a man named, J. Sterling Morton. J. Sterling Morton was later United States Secretary of Agriculture. Soon other states took up Arbor Day. It has now spread to every state in the Union. Many foreign countries now have Arbor Day, too.

What is Arbor Day? Arbor Day is a day when School children and other people plant trees. They plant trees because trees help make our homes and our school grounds and our towns a better place in which to live, in.

Trees are our friends. Trees give us wood to build our houses, the fruit and nuts give us food. Trees also give us shade.

(More)

Also they provide homes for animals and birds.

We could not get along without trees. Without trees our lives would be very dreary. That's why we plant trees on Arbor Day.

SOUND: (MILD APPLAUSE)

MARY: Thank you, Freddie. That was very good. (PAUSE)

FRED: Ouch! My leg!

MARY: What's wrong now, Freddie? James Miller did you do something to Freddie again?

JAMES: Aw, I didn't do nothin'.

FRED: Yes, he did, Miss Halloway. He stuck a pin in my leg.

MARY: Very well, James, if you don't know how to conduct yourself in school - especially when we have visitors - you can just stand in the corner with your face to the wall. Hurry now. Go to the corner over there by the bookcase. (Pause) The idea, a big boy like you' (pause) Let's see, where were we? Oh, yes. Now comes something I know you have all been waiting for. Last month, you remember, we announced a prize for the best essay on the subject "Our Forests -- What They Mean To Us." It was won by Jackie Potter, seventh grade. After I read Jackie's essay, the prize will be awarded by Ranger Robbins. *- Now I am going to read Jackie's essay: (READS) "Our Forest -- What They Mean To Us." Forests help mankind. They help prevent floods and prevent soil erosion. They provide plenty of pure water for us to drink and use in our homes. Forests make the soil more fertile. They are necessary to wildlife

(More)

Most of our animals and birds obtain their food and shelter among the trees. And they also provide us with places to go for sport and recreation.

At one time the forests covered nearly all the United States. At first they were cut down so the settlers could have land for farms. Then came the lumbermen who cut down almost all the virgin forests for lumber. That was not so bad, because the forests would have grown up again if it had not been for fire. Fire is the worst enemy of the forest. It destroys the standing trees and also the seeds and little seedlings that are needed to grow new forests. We must stop fires if we want more forests.

Reforestation is planting up new forests. Every year the United States Forest Service raises millions of little trees to plant on barren and burned land. These little trees will be the forests of the future.

Forestry is the handling of forest land in such a way that it will always raise crops of timber, and also conserve water supplies, wildlife, and the soil. Forestry is a good thing for the country. Some boys want to be aviators. Some want to be doctors, soldiers, or G-men. But my ambition is to be a United States Forest Ranger.

SOUND: (APPLAUSE)

MARY: Now, will you come forward, Jackie? Mr. Hobbins is going to award you the prize.

JIM: So you want to be a Forest Ranger, eh, Jackie? Well, if I can help you in anyway to become a Forest Ranger, I shall certainly do it. No, don't go yet, Jackie. Stand right here beside me. Girls and boys, you have heard Jackie's essay, and I'm sure you'll agree with me that it is a prize winner. And so, Jackie, it gives me great pleasure to award you this pocket knife. It's a genuine woodsman's knife. I have carried one like it for many years.

JACKIE: Gee, thanks, Ranger Robbins, that knife sure is a dandy

JIM: You're very welcome, Jackie

MARY: Ranger Robbins, won't you say a few words to the children about forestry? They would enjoy it so much.

JIM: Of course, I will. But I think Jackie Potter covered the ground pretty well in that fine essay of his. Maybe they'd like to hear a story about the old days in the Forest Service?

MARY: I'm sure they would

JIM: H-m-m let's see. -- Jerry's got a tree for them to plant so I don't want to take too much time ... *-- Allright. 'Way back in the early Forest Service days we didn't plant anywhere near as many trees as we do now. This year we'll set out about half a million in the Pine Cone district, but in those days we were lucky to get a couple thousand to plant. Well, my first reforestation job came one spring, when the Supervisor sent me ten thousand little pine trees.

(More)

I was stationed at Cross Fork then, and there wasn't anybody in the village who had ever planted a tree. We hired some loggers to do the work.

When they saw the size of the trees they were to plant, did they laugh? You see, the seedlings were only a few inches high, including roots and all. One of the crew, a big fellow named Ole Olson, used to say it was all a lot of foolishness. He claimed the trees would never grow; that the government was just wasting money. However, he set them out just as he was told, and believe me, I was mighty particular about how they were planted. We made good deep holes, spread the roots out careful like, and packed the dirt around them just so. We finished the job in a couple of weeks, Ole Olson all the while poking fun at Uncle Sam's pine trees that never would grow.

That summer was hot and dry, and I worried about those trees because I wanted to prove to the people of Cross Fork that Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers knew how to grow forests. (CHUCKLES) Why, I used to go out on that hillside at night with a water barrel on an old buckboard wagon, and water those trees with a sprinkling can. Well, there didn't many of them die.

Time went on. The timber had all been cut off around Cross Fork, and Ole Olson and the other loggers had to go farther West to find work. I reckon it was all of ten years later, when one day, a big, grizzled man stuck his head in my office door. I didn't recognize him at first, but pretty quick I saw it was Ole Olson. All he said was, "Well, Yim. Ay tank Ay been all wet. By Yimainy, dose leetle trees, dey grow to best da band. Dey're bigger'n me."

(More)

And he slammed the door and went out. I had to laugh, but it made me feel good too, because those trees had grown up fine and straight, and were taller than a man's head. Uncle Sam had shown the people of Cross Fork that he knew how to grow forests.

MARY: Thank you very much, Ranger Robbins. Girls and boys, this completes our indoor part of the program. We will now go to the school yard where we will plant our tree. Clarabelle will you play us a march on the piano? Class, rise. March.

SOUDN: (SOUSA MARCH AMATEURISHLY PLAYED ON PIANO, WITH MARCHING FEET. FADE)

MARY: (FADE IN) Gather round, children. You larger boys, let the little ones stand in front. James Miller, stop pushing Margaret. That's better. Now, Ranger Quick will take charge of this part of our exercises.

JERRY: We've got the hole already dug, so we wouldn't lose any time. Jackie, will you get me the shovel from the woodshed?

JACK: Okay, Mister Robbins.

JERRY: And Freddie, suppose you get a bucket of water.

FRED: Yes, sir.

JERRY: Do any of you know what kind of a tree this is?

LUCILLE: An elm tree, Mr. Ranger.

JERRY: That's right. An American Elm. A couple of years ago the American Elm was voted the most popular tree in the country.

MARY: (S.V.) Tell them something about it, Jerry.

JERRY: (S.V.) Allright, Mary. (LOUDER) Of all the trees in the land, the American Elm is one of the most admired, and one of the best known. It has a wide range, clear across the Eastern United States from the Atlantic Coast to the foot of the Rockies and from Canada down into the South. It is planted as a shade tree in other States, too. It furnishes good lumber, and it's a mighty fine ornamental tree. It's easy to transplant and grows fast. In many a town and village in the eastern states you can find streets shaded by rows of fine old elms that were planted by the earliest settlers in America. -- I guess that's all. Oh, yes, the Latin name of the American elm is *Ulmus americana*. But I don't imagine any of you will remember that.

JACKIE: Here's the shovel, Mister Ranger.

FRED: Here's the bucket of water. I guess I spilled a little bit

JERRY: That's all right. Thanks, boys. Now, the way to plant a tree this size - you see, it's about ten feet tall - is to have a hole dug big enough to take all the roots without crowding them. Let's life it in and try it -- that's okay

FRED: Can I start shoveling the dirt in, Jerry?

JERRY: Just a minute, Freddie. We've got to have some loose soil to set the roots on. Then we spread them out -- like that

FRED: Can I start shoveling now?

JERRY: All right, Freddie. Throw a few shovelfulls in. *There. That's enough. Now, we'll wet down the soil with water

SOUND: (WATER SPLASHES)

JERRY: Since this is the entire school's tree, we'll give every boyd a chance to throw on some soil. Go ahead. I'll hold the tree straight and tamp down the earth.

MARY: Don't shove, children. Each one will get his turn.

CHILDREN'S VOICES INDISTINCT

FRED: Miss Holloway.

MARY: What is it, Freddie?

FRED: Why - James Miller - he - I -

MARY: What has that boy done now?

FRED: Nothing yet, Miss Holloway. I don't like to be a tattletale, but I heard him say he was going to cut our tree down some night

MARY: Oh, dear. These problem children. I suppose I'll just have to. --

JIM: Mary, would you mind if I sorta handled this for you?

MARY: Of course not, Mr. Robbins. But - I - yes, please do.

JIM: Thanks. (LOUDER) Wait, you girls and boys, we're not quite through yet. We've got one more thing to do. We have to appoint a guardian for our Arbor Day tree. It's a pretty important duty, because the person we name must watch over it, and protect it from harm, and maybe water it in dry weather. So, you see, he has to be some one we can depend on. After thinking the matter over, we're going to appoint James Miller the warden of our Arbor Day tree. Comeup here, James.

JAMES: Me? Gee. You mean, Mr. Robbins, I --

JIM: Yes, James. We want you to be our tree warden. Now, do you solemnly promise to guard, protect, and care for this tree as long as you are in this school?

JAMES: Will I? You bet I will, Mr. Robbins! Gosh!

JIM: All right, then. Henceforth, you are the tree warden in charge of the school's Arbor Day tree. And remember, we're counting on you to do a good job.

JAMES: I sure will, Mr. Robbins. I'll water it regular, every day. Gosh, me the tree warden. (FADE) Jest wait'll I get home and tell Pop --

MARY: Thanks ever so much, Mr. Robbins. James is such a difficult boy. He's so big, and such a poor student.

JIM: I reckon that's just what's wrong with the kid, Miss. He's so much bigger than the rest of 'em, he probably feels sort of awkward, and craves notice and attention. Now his feeling of importance is satisfied. Instead of injuring the tree, he'll guard it for you

MARY: Yes, you're right. Oh, Mr. Robbins, I think it was lovely of you and Jerry to come up here today for our exercises. And especially you giving that pocket knife for the prize essay. And furnishing the elm tree to plant.

JIM: Why, that wasn't anything, Mary. We were glad to do it. And, anyway, Jerry had the hard part. He got the tree

MARY: It's a very beautiful tree.

JIM: Indeed it is. Trust Jerry to pick a nice one.

MARY: Isn't it fine to think that in years to come little children will play in this school yard, under the shade of the tree that we planted today?

JIM: Yes, Mary it is. And what's more, in the minds of these children that tree will stand forever as a symbol of the beauty and value of trees and forests in their lives and in the life of the nation. I think we've had a very successful Arbor Day.

ANNOUNCER: Well Folks, I guess the 65th anniversary of Arbor Day was very appropriately observed in Winding Creek .. -- This is also "Kindness to Animals Week." The American Humane Society says it wants trappers and fur farmers to know that more humane traps are now available than the old style, leg-gripping steel traps, in which animals are held, wounded but alive until the trapper makes his rounds. The association is trying, through annual prize contests and cooperation with trappers, to promote the use of humane traps and trapping methods for each type of fur bearer. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers commend this worthy movement.

"Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" has come to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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